

Dream A Little Dream Of Me

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Additional Tags:	this is what happens when, ur dysphoric and hypersexual, i write my frustrations in fic form, woopsie, Dysphoria, Trans Male Character, Trans Character, Fingerfucking, Cunnilingus, Fluff, someone get sapnap some new friends, smh, jk, PWP without Porn, Vaginal Sex, Did I pick one of Louis Armstrongs names bc, I love his music or bc of a dream pun, or is it both, the world may never know, using terms that might trigger dysphoria! please be careful reading!
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Dream A Little Dream Of Me

by [Cut Me Open](#)

Summary

Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"
Birds singing in the sycamore tree
Dream a little dream of me

Waves of dysphoria slammed into the Brit like a brick wall. He crossed his arms over his chest, awkwardly leaning his elbows on the coffee table, hoping the others didn't noticed. George was sat on the floor, forcing his eyes to stay glued to the screen in front of him. Dream and Sapnap lounged on the couch. The blond had his legs on the cushions, one leg out straight and the other bent, arms draped across the back and side, looking half asleep.

Sapnap sat criss cross on the right side, yet turned so he slouched against the arm of the couch. He also had his arms crossed, but his head laid at a weird angle on his shoulder, clearly passed out. George sat wide awake, not actually paying attention to the movie, but trying to look normal. He squirmed, trying to wait for Dream to finally nod off so he could escape with no one questioning him.

A nudge to his back startled him, and he jumped, head whipping around to face Dream. Dream was now half drooping of the couch, head lulled back, mask still tied tightly to his face. The blonds

leg was stuck between his back and the sofa. George let out a shaky sigh and quietly stood, practically tiptoeing to his room.

He winced when the last stair creaked under his foot. The hallway was dark, but he rushed to the open door, listening to the tiny '*click!*' as it shut behind him. He refused to turn the light on. *Not now.*

He tried to only wear a tee, no binder, no hoodie, but he just couldn't do it anymore. He couldn't sleep in a binder, so he grabbed the closest hoodie that he could reach- and slipped it on. It felt a little big, but he paid no mind to it, climbing into the bed that smelled a little different than it usually did. But it was calming, so he didn't question it, just closed his eyes and tried to calm his racing thoughts.

He laid there for what felt like hours, huddled up in the big hoodie, cocooned in the warm blanket like a burrito. Brown eyes stared blankly into the darkness, salty tears dried on his face. His back was to the door, and he was so focused on trying not to start crying again that he didn't notice the door open. Nor did he hear the confused, sleepy hum, or the wary footsteps that approached the bed.

The bed dipped behind him and George gasped, head snapping to the side- coming face to face with a barely visible mask. George, in typical George fashion, screamed- only to be silenced by a warm hand over his mouth. "*Jesus*, man." Dreams groggy voice cut through, making the Brits body sag in relief. Only to instantly go rigged, pulling the blanket tighter around himself. "Dream? What're you doing in here?" He slurred out, trying to sound like he'd actually been sleeping.

"Well, I was trying to go to bed. In *my* room." George furrowed his brows, using the thin stream of light that now came through the doorway- Dream must've turned the light hall on- and looked around. Yep. This was, in fact, Dreams room. George blushed, trying to stammer out a response but Dream just shushed him, clearly too tired to care. He just shooed George closer to the wall, prying some of the blanket to his side. The Brit just turned over, trying to control his pounding heart.

His face burned when he heard Dreams mask thud quietly on the nightstand, and the blanket shift as the blond got comfortable. George pulled the long hoodie sleeve up to his face, trying to cover his blush. A warmth pressed against his back, and an arm slung across his side. Dreams hand splayed out on his stomach, and he buried his face in the back of Georges neck. George squeaked, trying to squirm away but the arm around him tightened. "Nope, you're in *my* bed, you get *cuddled.*"

George stilled, groaning. "Then let me go to my-" "Nope." The blond cut him off, slipping one of his legs between Georges, and throwing the other over top of them. "You're warm, not going anywhere." He mumbled against Georges neck, somehow not feeling Georges heartbeat hammering throughout his body. They stayed like that for a while, Dream humming thoughtless tunes, George slowly relaxing into the warmth surrounding him.

George blinked awake, panic filling his chest as he realized, even in the still dark room, how they were laid. He twisted his head just even to see Dreams alarm clock. '4:12' Dreams hand, now under the edge of his shirt, brushed against his stomach as it trailed upwards. It settled on his chest, his legs tightening around Georges. The Brit bit his lip, trying to wiggle free, only to press his hips back into Dream.

He gasped quietly at the hard cock that rubbed against his ass. The hand on his small chest squeezed, and he swallowed down a whimper. Dream stirred, sliding the leg that was stuck between the Brits, up higher. The blonds thigh pressed into his sweatpants, right against his crotch. Georges breath hitched, and he squirmed again, trying to get out of the youngers hold.

The warm hand on his breast gripped tighter, and he bit back a moan. The Brit kept wriggling, trying to get out of the others surprisingly strong grasp, only to keep rubbing against Dreams leg. Dreams hand started moving- something similar to kneading. A breathless moan burst out of his mouth, knowing he was already sopping wet. As if the situation couldn't get any worse Dream shifted behind him, nuzzling further into his neck, and grunted. George stilled, fearful of waking the blond.

Ever so slowly he moved his arms, one underneath himself, trying to push his body up, the other gently grasping Dreams elbow, trying to pry it out of his shirt. Dreams fingernail grazed his nipple and he gasped, pulling his arm harder on accident. Well, Dreams hand was mostly out of his shirt, but now he was trying to sit up, having been startled awake. "George..?" He asked, mouth not even fully opened. His warm fingers were still under the edge of the hoodie, just barely brushing against the Brits hip.

"Dream, *please* let me get up." Georges voice was barely a whisper, but the blond flopped back down, groaning. "*Ugh*, fine, leave me all alone and cold." He teased, his gravelly voice made George shiver. Dream didn't try to lower his thigh- just pulled back slowly, rubbing right up against the brunet's throbbing cunt. George moaned softly, slapping his hand over his mouth. His face was so warm he felt like he'd catch fire at any moment.

Dream froze. "I- Uh- Sorry!" He jerked back as if he'd been burned. George took a deep breath, finally sitting up properly. He turned to face Dream, seeing the others eyes avoiding his gaze. In a moment of false courage, or maybe just overwhelming lust, George straddled the confused blonds lap. Settling over the tent in Dreams pants, he watched the youngers arms shoot out, and felt them grip his thighs. "George-! What-"

"You started it." He couldn't keep the whine out of his tone. "Woke up to you *groping* me. This is your fault!" The Americans eyes widened, and darted from Georges face, down to where the Brit was sat in his lap. "Are we really doing this?" Quiet, but cautious. Georges lashes fluttered. "If you want to-" "*Yes, God please.*" Dream cut him off, finger tips digging into his thighs, over the soft fabric of his sweats. George rolled his hips, gripping Dreams shirt tightly, and clashing their lips together into a desperate kiss.

George whimpered against Dreams mouth, tugging at the hem of the blonds shirt. Dream caught on, adjusting himself so he was sitting up against the head board, and flung the yellow looking fabric across the room. He reached over blindly to turn on the bedside lamp, growling lowly as George refused to back up long enough. He nipped at the olders lip as his fingers brushed the switch. The Brits hands roamed up the others chest, mewling and whining into the feverish kisses.

Dream grabbed George by the waist, grip firm and warm. The shorter whimpered when Dream

pushed him back, but quickly got quiet when he pushed the Brit into the mattress. Brown eyes locked with green, the air thick with lust. Dream stood, kicking his pants and briefs off, flashing George a wicked smirk. The brunet gasped quietly squeezing his thighs together and squirming. The blond chuckled, gently grabbing the olders knees and opening them. He pulled George to the edge of the bed, grinning from ear to ear when he yelped.

The blond's fingers curled into the tops of Georges pants. George froze, feeling the fabric being tugged off. Dream inhaled sharply, eyes locked between the shorter's legs. Slowly, George pressed his thighs together, looking away with red cheeks, and wet eyes. Gentle hands caressed his thighs, slowly trailing higher and higher. They softly parted his legs.

"George..." The brunet bit his lip, still refusing to look at him. It wasn't until he heard a quiet '*thud*' and felt the lips of his vuvla being pulled open, that his head snapped to face him. Dream knelt between his legs, a predatory grin on his face. George squeaked, opening his mouth to stammer out some kind of question. But suddenly Dream dove forward, burying his face between the olders legs.

The Brit whimpered feeling Dream's lips wrapping around his enlarged clit. The blond sucked, sliding his tongue over it, his nose pressing gently into the soft dark hair. George moaned loudly, hands shooting out to grab at blond hair. His legs wrapped around Dream's shoulders. The American winked up at him, opening his mouth, and lapping up the others slick hole. George rolled his hips, chasing the hot, skilled tongue. Dream moaned quietly, reaching up with his left arm to hook it over the Brit's stomach, holding him down.

His right hand slapped against George's thigh, leaving a forming pink mark in its wake. George cried out as the mouth left him. "I know you're eager, but that's very *rude* of you. ***Be. Still.***" The blond growled out, returning to the task at hand with more fervor than before. The older boy moaned and keened as the muscle fucked him open, along with a newly added finger. He could feel heat coiling around his gut, building quickly.

His hands tightened in Dream's hair, his breaths coming out louder and harsher. "*Dream- Dre-*" He moaned out, feeling a second finger slip into his soaking cunt. Dream's mouth and hand worked in tandem, bringing the older man closer and closer to the edge.

Dream's fingers scissored and curled, thrusting in and out of him harshly. George's legs trembled on the blond's shoulders. Dream pulled his head back, trailing hot, open mouthed kisses up the brunet's inner thigh. His teeth scraped against George's soft skin, making the man whimper. George let go of Dream's hair, sitting up quickly and cupping his face. Before the blond could question him, he was pulled into a desperate kiss. George whimpered into his mouth, their teeth briefly clashing.

The younger smirked, curling his fingers once more, and pressed hard into the older's g spot. He felt the Brit's breath hitch, and his soft walls clenched around his fingers. George threw his head back, rolling his hips. "You're so *wet* for me, George. You want my cock that bad?" The blond growled, pulling his hand out of George, his fingers shimmering in the soft light.

George whimpered at the empty feeling, red faced and panting. Dream stood, pushing the other farther up the bed, and crawling between his legs. The American's cock twitched at the sight, George spread out in his hoodie, flushed and needy, his T-dick erect and his cunt soaking the bed beneath him. Dream grabbed his dick, leaning over the shorter. His left hand splayed on the bed, beside George's shoulder as he knelt over him.

"I don't have any condoms, baby boy," his tone was soft as he stared down at the Brit, "do you still want to?" George nodded rapidly, trying to hide his blushing face in the crook of Dream's neck. "*Please!* Please fuck me." George rasped out, wrapping his arms around Dream's middle. The

blond smirked, rubbing the head of his cock between the others wet folds. George keened, squirming under the taller, desperate to be filled.

Precum mixed with slick as Dream teased him with his throbbing cock. The head prodding at the Brits loose, slick entrance. The blond held himself still, feeling the smaller squirm. The frustrated whine, and nails digging into his back made him chuckle softly. Dream let his shoulders go lax, and forced out a fake yawn. "George? I'm a little tired right now, I think I might just go back to sleep." He said through another fake yawn, holding back a laugh.

The Brit whimpered, tightening his arms. "*Dream- Dream I swear to God if you-*" A whorish moan filled the air as Dream shoved in to the base. Georges nails scraped down the blonds make as his body racked with sobs and whimpers. Pain and pleasure mixing into one sensation, clouding his mind. Dream pressed kisses to the corners of Georges glistening brown eyes, shushing him gently.

Georges body shook as he gasped for air, everything was too much and yet not enough. He rolled his hips, mewling and begging for Dream to- "move! *Move, God- Please-!*" Dream moaned quietly, slowly pulling back. The friction, and slick noises had George keening, mouthing up the side of the taller's neck.

"You're *so fucking wet*, baby." Dream growled out, slamming back inside of the wet heat. Georges toes curled as he let out a whorish moan. The blond's hands trailed down beneath the edges of the green hoodie, grabbing Georges waist so hard that the smaller whimpered. His fingers dug into the soft flesh, undoubtedly forceful enough to leave bruises. The next few thrusts were slow, teasing. Yet, as they picked up speed all George could do was moan and whimper.

His nails cut into Dream's back, needing to be closer. Babbling, begging for Dream to go harder, faster.

"Never knew you'd be so *desperate* to be split open on my cock." A high whine filled his ears, barely heard over the pounding of his own heartbeat as he pounded into the Brit. "You always act so bashful. But you're just a little *slut*, aren't you?" He snarled, feeling the heat coil, bound tightly and unforgiving in the pit of his stomach.

George cried out, raising his trembling legs, locking by the ankles on the small of Dream's back. He fell back, arms dropping to grip at the sheets, writhing and twitching.

The '*squelch's* and '*schlap's* of Dream's throbbing cock slamming into Georges soaking, hot cunt mixed in with the sounds of breathless growls and stuttering moans. No matter how hard the Brit tried to keep quiet, he just grew louder and louder as neared the edge. The Brit's left hand flew between their bodies, pumping his erect clit between his fingers. "*D-Dream- I'm-!*" The brunet threw his head back, moaning so loud it was almost a scream, as he came. His dripping hole fluttered around Dream's cock. his body trembled.

The blond groaned, dropping his head to kiss and nip at Georges neck. Dream's thrusts became erratic, faster. George moaned and whimpered, his over sensitive body screaming in protest. Watching the smaller's hazy eyes roll back in his head almost sent Dream over the edge. He swore under his breath, slowing and trying to pull back.

Georges legs tensed, and pulled him closer. "*George-*" He tried to warn, his voice low and growly. Dream felt the brunet flutter around him as their tired eyes locked. "Please, Dream." He whispered, shaky arms rising to wrap around the blond's neck. The Brit slurred out, "*wan' you t' cum in me. Need it.*" Dream groaned, picking up his pace again. How could he deny the other? After he'd asked so nicely?

Green eyes stayed glued to the smaller's face, watching as his bliss and want washed over his features. With one final harsh thrust Dream buried himself to the hilt, moaning. George mewled as he felt the thick, hot ropes of cum paint his insides white. Dream finally removed his hands from the Brit's waist, noting how the other winced. He gently gripped beneath the other's armpits, sitting back on his knees and letting the other settle in his lap.

The brunet whimpered, feeling the cock inside of him rub against his sensitive walls. He lay limp in Dream's arms as they caught their breaths, and calmed their hearts. One arm was wrapped firmly around George's waist, and another petting his hair, his own arms just drooped either side of his body.

"I think we should take a shower, I feel gross now." Dream mumbled into his hair. George let out a 'hmph' and wriggled lightly. "Says the one who *isn't* full of cum." The blond chuckled, shaking his head. "And *who's* fault is that? I was trying to pull out." George buried his blushing face in Dream's chest, groaning in annoyance.

"Oh my god Dream, *shut up!*"

The next morning George woke up alone, ignoring the wave of sadness that coiled around his chest, he stretched out. Dream's spot was still warm, which meant he'd left recently. The brunet sat up carefully, wincing as the soft pajama pants rubbed against the bruises that had formed. He pulled the front of his hoodie up to his nose, inhaling deeply. His eyes fluttered shut for a second, as Dream's scent filled his head.

He stood slowly, crossing his arms over his chest, and walking out of the room. His head drooped to the side as he yawned. His walk down the stairs took longer than it should have, but once he finally made it to the kitchen he noticed Dream standing by the counter, yet even with his mask on George could tell by his body that he was embarrassed. Sapnap on the other hand looked mildly annoyed.

The youngest's eyes snapped up to George's face. Sapnap scowled. "If you two are going to fuck in the house, don't wake me up next time." George's heart hammered in his chest as he blushed, ducking his head. Dream's back suddenly straightened, and he chuckled. Two pairs of brown eyes locked on the tallest, confused and slightly irritated. "What's wrong Sapnap, did you want to join in?"

Sapnap choked on his coffee, which sent George and Dream into a giggle and wheeze fit. George leaned into Dream's side, resting his head on the blond's shoulder. "You're an *idiot*, Dream." The American chuckled, wrapping his arms around the smaller frame. "You *love* me, handsome." George blushed harder, dropping his gaze to the floor. "Yeah, I really do." It was a whisper, shy and afraid. With his right hand, Dream lifted his mask, and then leaned down to capture the older's soft lips in a tender kiss.

The brunet across the room fake gagged through his coughs. George giggled into the kiss, gripping onto Dream's shirt as the taller raised his middle finger in Sapnap's direction.

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